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A

MUSE
IN
LIVERY.

A
COLLECTION
OF

POEMS.

*By R. Dodds, when he was
a drunken Servant to Mr. Doddington*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Nourse, at the Lamb without
Temple-Bar. M.DCC.XXXII.

EXHIBIT

1855 April 21

Don Fund of 1852

COLLECTION

OF

EXHIBIT



EFFIGIES AUTHORIS:

O R, T H E

Mind of the Frontispiece.

I.



N vain, in vain, I stretch my CHAIN;
In vain I strive to rise:
It checks, and pulls me down again,
And all my strength defies.

II.

In vain DESIRE oft wings my soul,
And mounts my thoughts on high;
DESPAIR still clogs, and keeps me down,
Where I must grov'ling lie.

III.

Thro' WISDOM's sacred realms to fly,
But vainly I essay;
Chain'd down to IGNORANCE I lie,
And cannot get away.

B

IV. To

IV.

To VIRTUE's paths my soul enclines,
 My feet her steps would trace;
 But folly leads, when ign'rance blinds,
 Into erroneous ways.

V.

Knowledge and Virtue thus debar'd,
 Which lead to HAPPINESS;
 In mental MISERY I'm plung'd,
 And hopeless of redress.

VI.

Unless some great, some gen'rous Mind
 Vouchsafe to cut the Chain;
 Then I might hope, by slow degrees,
 Those blissful seats to gain.

VII.

With various Knowledge I would strive
 My mind should be endu'd;
 And the first lesson I would learn
 In Virtue, should be GRATITUDE.





A N

ENTERTAINMENT

Designed for Her

Majesty's Birth-Day.



HE curtain rises to a harsh and dissonant sound of jarring instruments, and discovers a darken'd room; in a corner of which, a cabal of Egyptian Priests, Jewish Rabins, Romish Monks, Popes, Cardinals, &c. are in close consultation. A confus'd heap of mysterious hieroglyphicks, ancient Traditions, Prophecies, Councils, Fathers, &c. lies before them. These they are busily employ'd in comparing, altering, adding to, erasing, interpolating, destroying, and restoring.

After a while they seem, by their whispering, nodding, winking, and laughing amongst themselves, to have adjusted matters very much to their own satisfaction: but of a sudden the scene opens,

and IMPOSTURE, in a hideous form, arises amongst them. At first they seem surpriz'd at the monstrous appearance; but resolving to push on their designs, a large cloak is immediately thrown over his shoulders to hide his deformities; a beautiful mask is clap'd upon his ugly visage; and several others, curiously delineated for all occasions, are cunningly dispos'd of beneath the cloak, together with a bundle of books and pamphlets very proper for him to distribute abroad for the information of ignorant, and the confirmation of doubtful persons.

Thus equipt; the Priests, first securing their mangled heap of truth and falsehood, steal softly from the stage, as if they knew nothing of the matter. Presently the scene opens, and SUPERSTITION, in an odd fantastick garb, appears: a solemn gravity composes his countenance: he looks around him with fear and trembling: he casts up his eyes to heaven with sighs and groans; and bows to the other Phantome with great reverence and devotion; who, in formal pomp, and great solemnity, immediately furnishes him with Beads, Crosses, Pictures, Images, Relicks, &c. which he receives with bowings, cringes, list'd eyes, and all the antick gestures of reverence and adoration.

After this he is presented with the chief *Credenda* of his faith in a bundle of papers, consisting of strange and wonderful stories of Conjurers, Witches, Spirits, Ghosts, Apparitions, Faries, Dæmons, Hobgoblins, Fortune-tellers, Astrologers, Dreams, Portents, Omens, Prognosticks, and the like. These, to shew his entire resignation of all sense
and

and reason in holy matters, he receives with transports of joy, and all the seeming confidence of their truth imaginable. He reads them with a serious and devout regard; and, as the circumstances excite, is differently seiz'd with fear, horror, wonder, and astonishment.

In the midst of these religious extasies, the scene opens again, and ZEAL, with his eyes hood-wink'd, arises on the stage; and presently after him PERSECUTION, arm'd with all the instruments of torture and cruelty.

And now *Imposture* seems secure; *Superstition* falls down before him with humble reverence and devout submission: *Zeal* eagerly embraces *Superstition*, and with earnest passion fury and impatience seems to animate and encourage *Persecution*; who, brandishing his sword before them as the champion of their cause, with a fierce and severe countenance menaces destruction to any that shall presume to oppose, examine, or in the least disturb them.

But suddenly the room is gloriously illumin'd; the musick changes to a sweet, melodious harmony; *Imposture* and his adherents seem in great confusion and disorder, whilst TRUTH, VIRTUE, MODERATION, and LIBERTY, in beauteous forms successively descend, and place themselves before their opposites.

And now *Imposture* turns himself every way to avoid the piercing eyes of *Truth*. He wraps his cloak more close about him, and beckens to his adherents to assist him. *Persecution* advances, but

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is intercepted by *Liberty*; who looking on him with an agreeable smile, he views her wond'rous charms with looks amaz'd; and whilst his eyes are thus fix'd upon her face in pleasing rapture, he appears in an extasy; the sword drops from his hand, he hides his face in shame and confusion, sinks down, and disappears.

During this, *Moderation*, with the utmost mildness and good-humour, is persuading and arguing with *Zeal*: but all in vain; he stops his ears, and turns away from him in rage and passion: but at last, watching an opportunity, he snatches the *blind* from before his eyes; upon which, looking round him with surprize, he immediately sinks and vanishes.

Mean while *Truth* and *Virtue* are both engaged in exposing the follies of *Superstition*: yet far from ridiculing or laughing at his weaknesses, they seem with a serious and friendly concern to seek their cure. *Virtue* looks on him with an eye of compassion and great benevolence, whilst *Truth*, with generous freedom, and a sincere openness of behaviour, is earnest in persuading and instructing him.

But finding this in vain, and that he was wholly taken up in the stupid admiration of whims, trifles, and absurdities; he turns to *Imposture*, and looking on him with anger and resentment, as the wicked cause of the other's unhappiness and misfortune, he forces off his mask, and at the same time divesting him of his cloak, at once discovers his

The MUSE in LIVERY. 7

his native ugliness and deformity: upon which, in rage, confusion, and disorder, he immediately sinks.

Mean while *Superstition* in the utmost surprize beholds the metamorphosis; he looks upon the monster with horror and indignation; seems now fully convinced of his errors and absurdities; detests the cheat, and delivers all the legends of forgeries and impositions received from him, into the hands of *Truth*, who tears them in pieces. Then pulling from his breast a list of ceremonious injunctions imposed upon him as equivalent to, and in the room of all moral and divine duties, he throws them at the feet of *Virtue*, who treads upon and utterly destroys them. Then bowing in submission to the shining train, he sinks and disappears.

And now the musick plays a brisk and lively air: *Truth*, *Virtue*, *Moderation*, and *Liberty* join in a regular dance; at the end of which, in natural order, they lead each other off the stage.

Presently the scene changes, and discovers *Truth* now seated on a regal throne, with *Virtue* standing on her right hand, and *Moderation* on her left; the *seven liberal sciences* stand in order at the foot of the throne, in grateful postures bending to their patroness *Liberty*; who, with all the pleasure and delight imaginable, is employ'd in curiously examining, earnestly encouraging, and generously rewarding their several studies, inventions, and improvements.

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And now the *genius of England* arises on the stage,
who first makes his obeysance to the throne, then
turning to the audience, sings the following

O D E.

I.

SEE! thrice happy BRITONS! see;
Whilst foreign peace great GEORGE bestows,
CAROLINA sets us free

From the mind's domestick foes.
Sing! sing her virtues! celebrate her worth!
And bless the auspicious DAY that gave her birth!

II.

See lovely TRUTH, at HER command,
Raifes her beauteous head and smiles;
Asham'd, IMPOSTURE flies the land,
And all his agents cease their wiles.
RELIGION charms us with a sweeter voice,
And what before we scorn'd, is now our choice.

III.

MYSTERIOUS WHIMS are laid aside,
HOLY GRIMACE and CANT are vain,
Which villains us'd their crimes to hide:
His DEEDS must shew the VIRTUOUS MAN.
GOOD SENSE, inspir'd by HER, regains the throne
Which FOLLY lost, and SUPERSTITION won.

IV. Exten-

IV.

Extensive CHARITY divests

Our souls of BIGOTRY and ZEAL;
GOOD-NATURE gently sooths the breasts,
Which RAGE and PASSION us'd to feel.
By REASON taught, this lesson we receive,
Ourselves to censure, others to forgive.

V.

RELIGION scorning barb'rous aid,
Which ZEAL wou'd use, and FORCE wou'd give;
With FREEDOM bids our search be made,
And nothing upon TRUST receive,
Conscious her CHARMS no secret arts require,
But they who see them *best*, will *most* admire.

VI.

Hail, LIBERTY! fair child of TRUTH!
Thus aided by a ROYAL HAND,
Give every art and science growth,
'Till wit and learning fill the Land:
'Till EUROPE round us sees with envious eyes,
Distinguish'd ALBION far superior rise.

VII.

And you, her happy sons, confess;
You who are good, or just, or wise,
Grateful, that all your happiness
From ROYAL INFLUENCE does arise.
Sing then her virtues! celebrate her worth;
And bless th' auspicious DAY that gave her birth.

A N

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

STEPHEN DUCK.

*To erring youth there's some compassion due ;
But whilst with rigour you their crimes pursue,
What's their misfortune, is a crime in you.* SOUTH.

TO thee, the happy fav'rite of the nine,
On whom the great and good have deign'd to
shine,
Blushing, to thee these artless lines I send,
Ambitious for the title of thy friend ;
But fear such advocates will ne'er obtain,
As plead their cause in so uncouth a strain :
Yet some indulgence sure you ought to shew
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you ;
Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing ;
I've just but tasted the *Pierian* spring :
Pardon the faults then, and accept the friend,
Who hopes, would fortune smile, in time to mend.

When first thy wond'rous tale was told abroad,
How did my soul the royal act applaud?

To

The MUSE in LIVERY.

II

To raise from poverty's most abject state,
And all the countless ills which round her wait,
A mind like thine—proclaims the goodness great !
To free from slavish toil, from low distress,
And give the means to purchase happiness;
To lift from anxious and perplexing care,
A struggling genius plung'd in deep despair,
Is noble, great, and good—as it is rare !
What pleasing consciousness must fill her breast,
Whose happy fiat said—Let him be blest !

Henceforth let his lov'd pen employ his hands,
Pity so long degraded with a flail ;

Merit, tho' small, a better fate demands,
The worthless vulgar only let rough want assail.
So the deserts of mortals from on high,
Are with the candid and judicious eye
Of heav'n's great king beheld ; who justly weighs,
And ev'ry action bounteously repays.

Cease then, censorious criticks, to repine
At virtues which approach so near divine !
Nor seek for little failings to accuse
A tender and uncultivated muse :
In which, tho' you no master-strokes discern,
Think what could be expected from a barn :
'Tis that exalts the merits of his cause ;
And that which ought to give your fury laws.

Were his like ADDISON's immortal rhyme,
Where judgment guides, and genius shines sublime.
Did his like PRIOR's easy numbers charm ;
Or POPE's fine paintings his descriptions warm :

Did

Did pregnant fancy, with her pictur'd train,
 With just ideas furnish out his brain :
 Did learning, judgment, and a taste refin'd,
 At once spontaneous breed within his mind;
 He must be own'd the wonder of mankind.
 Cease, then, ill-judging criticks ~~to~~ degrade;
 Can he be learned who no learning had?
 We all are ign'rant 'till we're taught to know;
 And none can fly — when learning but to go.

And now forgive that such a muse as mine,
 Brings her weak aid to the support of thine;
 In verse, which if the world should chance to see,
 They'd find I pleaded for myself — in thee.
 And these poor lines would undergo the fate,
 Instead of pity, to excite their hate:
 In vain 'twould be to plead in their defence,
 My want of learning, genius, wit, or sense:
 Such pleas would but encrease my guilt the more,
 And render still less pardonable th' offence;
 As men ambitious to seem rich, when poor,
 Get only laught at for the vain pretence.

But tho' my stock of learning yet is low;
 Tho' yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
 I fain wou'd hope it won't be always so.
 The morning sun emits a stronger ray,
 Still as he rises tow'rds Meridian day:
 Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,
 And dark'ning shadows shoot along the gleam;
 Impending mists yet hover in the air,
 And distant objects undistinct appear.

But

But as he rises in the eastern sky,
The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;
In all her various beauties shines th' enlighten'd plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain;
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and encreases with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
Dark mists of error melt, and brighten into truth.

Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue so.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender muses, learning now to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime. }
The ILIAD scarce was HOMER's first essay;
VIRGIL wrote not his ÆNEID in a Day:
Nor is't impossible a time might be,
When POPE and PRIOR wrote like *You* and *Me*.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a *pantry*, nor a *barn*:
Yet *they*, as well as *we*, by slow degrees
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease.

Have you not seen? yes oft you must have seen,
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The tim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest,
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;

From

From twig to twig their tender wings they try,
 Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.
 But as their strength and feathers more increase,
 Short flights they take, and fly with greater ease:
 Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,
 Forfake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire;
 Transported thence, with strong and steady wing,
 They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.

So you and I, just naked from the shell,
 In chirping notes our future singing tell;
 Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
 Hop round the basis of *Parnassus' bill*:
 Our flights are low, and want of art and strength,
 Forbids to carry us to the wish'd-for length.
 But fledg'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,
 We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing.

The W I S H.

I.

YE Pow'rs supreme, who from on high
 Distribute good and ill,
 My wishes hear, to you they fly,
 Submitting to your will:
 Grant and refuse, ye Gods, what you think best;
 And give me virtue to support the rest.

II. Might

II.

Might I a small estate possess,
Sufficient to supply
My wants, and keep me from distress,
From scorn and infamy;
Content with this, ye Gods, I'd ask no more:
But oh! 'tis wretched to be *very poor*.

III.

My house convenient, warm, and neat,
But very small should be;
Room just to study, sleep, and eat,
Is full enough for me:
And but so far from LONDON let it stand,
As that its noise and hurry mayn't offend.

IV.

A little garden too should join
My happy rural seat:
An arbour of sweet Jessamin
Should guard me from the heat:
Here I'd retire some part of ev'ry day,
And read, and think my easy hours away.

V.

And since an itch to sacred rhyme
Inflames this longing mind;
O make my muse, tho' soft, sublime;
Tho' easy, yet refin'd:
Let art lie hid in seeming negligence;
And nothing pass for wit, but truth and sense.

VI. Au-

VI.

Authors, the best in ev'ry art,
 My library should boast :
 Not such whose learning, but whose parts,
 And judgments shine the most.
 And some few criticks, whose impartial aim
 Is justly to commend, and justly blame.

VII.

Some friends I'd have, and those sincere;
 Good-natur'd, honest men;
 With thoughts unprejudic'd and clear,
 With judgments strong and plain.
 Freely to these I'd open ev'ry doubt,
 And freely search for truth the world throughout.

VIII.

A wife young, virtuous, fair, and kind,
 If such a one there be ;
 Yes, one there is 'mongst woman-kind ;
 O KITTY ! thou art she.
 With her, ye Gods, with her but make me blest,
 Of all your Blessings---that wou'd be the best.

IX.

And since perverse, ill-temper'd men,
 True bliss can never find,
 Let mine be easy and serene,
 Compassionate and kind ;
 With others failings ready to dispense,
 Unapt to take, and less to give, offence.

X. Re-

X.

Religion, which for human good
Was certainly design'd;
Study'd the most, least understood,
Is made the lab'rinth of the mind:
Aid me, ye Gods, with your assistance here;
Nor thro' its wild meanders let me err.

XI.

In fine, to sweeten all the rest,
O give me health and ease!
With pain and sickness ne'er oppress'd,
Nor discontent, the mind's disease.
Then, when fate calls, let death exert his power,
I'll neither wish, nor fear, my dying hour.

THE
FOOTMAN.

An Epistle to my Friend Mr. WRIGHT.
of the Marshfield

Dear FRIEND,

SINCE I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly footman's business there,
I'll try to tell, in easy rhyme,
How I in *London* spend my time.

C

And

And first,
 As soon as laziness will let me,
 I rise from bed, and down I set me,
 To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
 And such-like dirty work as that,
 Which (by the bye) is what I hate.
 This done; with expeditious care,
 To dress myself I straight prepare;
 I clean my buckles, black my shoes;
 Powder my wig, and brush my cloaths;
 Take off my beard, and wash my face,
 And then I'm ready for the chace.

Down comes my lady's woman straight:
 Where's *Robin*? Here. Pray take your hat,
 And go---and go---and go---and go---;
 And this---and that desire to know.
 The charge receiv'd, away run I,
 And here, and there, and yonder fly,
 With services, and how-d'ye-does,
 Then home return full fraught with news.

Here some short time does interpose,
 'Till warm effluvia's greet my nose,
 Which from the spits and kettles fly,
 Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
 To lay the cloth I now prepare,
 With uniformity and care;
 In order knives and forks are laid,
 With folded napkins, salt, and bread:

The side-boards glittering too appear,
With plate, and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted,
The smoaking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene;
Which on the table being plac'd,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.

This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four ;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what's call'd for, out to pour ;
I hear, and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes ;
Disputes maintain'd without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression ;
The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated :
Where all unanimously exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious, and the rude.
The flattering, fawning, praising train ;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain ;
Detraction, smut, and what's prophane.

This happy hour elaps'd and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.

The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
 The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
 And lamp prepar'd; I strait engage
 The Lilliputian equipage
 Of dishes, saucers, spoons, and tongs,
 And all th' *Et cetera* which thereto belongs.
 Which rang'd in order and decorum,
 I carry in, and set before 'em;
 Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,
 And, as commanded, hand about.

This business over, presently
 The hour of visiting draws nigh ;
 The chairman strait prepare the chair,
 A lighted flambeau I prepare ;
 And orders given where to go,
 We march along, and bustle thro'
 The parting crouds, who all stand off
 To give us room. O how you'd laugh !
 To see me strut before a chair,
 And with a stirdy voice, and air,
 Crying---By your leave, Sir ! have a care !
 From place to place with speed we fly,
 And rat-tatat the knockers cry :
 Pray is your lady, Sir, within ?
 If no, go on ; if yes, we enter in.

Then to the hall I guide my steps,
 Amongst a croud of brother skips,
 Drinking small-beer, and talking smut,
 And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out.

Whilst

Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
 And he who's loudest, is the greatest wit.
 But here amongst us the chief trade is
 To rail against our Lords and Ladies :
 To aggravate their smallest failings,
 T' expose their faults with saucy railings.
 For my part, as I hate the practice,
 And see in them how base and black 'tis,
 To some bye place I therefore creep,
 And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
 And could I with old *Morpheus*' bargain,
 'T would save my ears much noise and jargon.
 But down my Lady comes again,
 And I'm released from my pain.
 To some new place our steps we bend,
 The tedious evening out to spend ;
 Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
 Assembly, or the opera ;
 Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.



Sir AMOROUS WHIMSIE:
OR, THE
DESPERATE LOVER.

A True T A L E.

O Cupid! God of whining speeches,
Sighs and tears, and fond beseeches,
Folded arms, and sleepish looks,
Trifling griefs, and serious jokes:
God of dears, of sweets, and honies,
Flames, and darts, and fools, and ninnies;
That doat on damsels more than guineas:
God of fond, endearing prate,
Hugs, and kisses, and all that
Which sets poor hearts a-pit a-pat:
God of squeezes, nods, and winks,
And wishes,— which the muse but thinks:
O God of all these pretty things!
Aid my pen, thy power she sings:
Thy dreadful power o'er mortal life
With halter, poison, pistol, knife.
Yet this no cut-throat business is,
No hang, nor drowning matter this;
But a sad tale, which late befel
To a poor knight that lov'd too well;
Too well, as you shall hear, alas!
And thus the dismal story was.

In

IN CORNWAL, or in CUMBERLAND,
Or somewhere else, we understand,
Lately there dwelt a knight of fame,
Sir AM'ROUS WHIMSIE was his Name.
This knight was gay, and brisk, and young,
And dress'd, and danc'd, and laugh'd, and sung;
And with these airs, this life and spirit,
He thought himself a man of merit;
Thought himself qualify'd to strole
Amongst the fair without controul:
Imagin'd these his shining parts
Must rend, and tear, and sadly maul their hearts.

Fine feathers make fine birds, 'tis true ;
But they don't make fine fingers too :
Nor is the value altogether,
Determin'd by the gaudiest feather :
For if they han't a tuneful Note,
To some they are not worth a goat.
So tho' our knight in gaudy vest
With gold and silver lace was dress'd ;
Altho' his locks in ringlets twirl'd,
Was powder'd, scented, crimp'd, and curl'd ;
Tho' he cou'd ogle, smile, and bow,
And hum an opera tune, or so ;
Yet these his utmost limits was,
All further he was but an ass :
His silly, pert, insipid prate ;
His airs, and gestures, and all that,
Declar'd their source an empty pate.

Thus wanting wit, or rather sense,
To check his vain impertinence :
The fair, disgusted with the fool,
Far from admiring, ridicule.
But when they laugh, his vain conceit
Imagines they applaud his wit ;
In vain they jeer, in vain they flout,
The coxcomb can't his merit doubt ;
Enamour'd of his own dear parts,
He's sure they all belie their hearts ;
And, tho' they seemingly deride,
Wou'd each be glad to be his bride.

Thus, vain of int'rest with the fair,
As all your empty coxcombs are,
He struts in triumph thro' the throng
Of witty, amiable, and young ;
Gaining imagin'd victories,
And fancying every heart his prize :
Still boasting to secure his own,
Amidst his triumphs touch'd by none.

It must be own'd, the best defence
'Gainst Beauty's power is—want of sense.
Yet fools and fops submit to fate,
And feel its influence soon or late.
And now, his fatal hour being come,
Our warrior knight came wounded home :
CÆLIA, the fair, his heart betray'd ;
CÆLIA, the fair, the cruel maid.

Shot from her eyes the conquering dart
That found a passage to his heart.
And now he feels the pleasing fire,
And languishes in soft desire;
Her fair idea charms his soul;
But then her eyes his hopes controul:
He there observes a scornful pride,
And fears his suit will be deny'd.
Anxious, he fain wou'd silence break,
But feels he knows not how to speak.
Love, which refines the brightest wit,
First taught this fool his want of it.
He who before thro' crouds cou'd rove,
Now knows not how to say — *I love.*

But soon the coxcomb gains th' ascendant:
He'll speak, he vows, and there's an end on't.
Shall I, who have made thousands bow,
Despair of conquering CÆLIA too?
Faith I'm a puppy if I do. }
Is not my air, my shape admir'd?
Who is more handsomely attir'd?
In short, I'll tell her I'm her man,
Let her deny me if she can.

With this resolve away he goes,
And now before the fair he bows.
CÆLIA, surpriz'd, observ'd his mein,
Saw the confusion he was in;
And quickly, from his silly face,
Imagin'd what the matter was.

For,

For, 'spite of all his vain pretences,
 Her presence so o'er aw'd his senses,
 And love within so tim'rous made him,
 He fear'd to say what might degrade him.
 Confounded thus, he stood awhile,
 CÆLIA survey'd him with a smile:
 At this the coxcomb bolder grew,
 Dam it, I'll speak; now, now's my cue:
 " Well, Ma'm, said he, and how d'ye do?
 The witty CÆLIA, with much pain,
 From downright laughing did refrain;
 And gravely as 'twas possible,
 Thank'd him, and told him, very well.
 " 'Tis curious weather, Madam, this.
 Yes, Sir, said she, and so it is.
 " But won't it rain d'ye think to day?
 Why truly, Sir, perhaps it may.
 Here the knight scratch'd his empty head,
 And bit his fingers 'till they bled,
 Before another word was said.
 At last, his watch pull'd out to look,
 " Pray, Ma'm, said he, what is't a clock?
 CÆLIA, with wond'rous Gravity,
 Look'd on his watch, and told him, three.
 Our knight had now no more to say,
 And must of course have sneak'd away,
 Had not a lucky accident
 Given him the wish'd-for argument.

Whether by chance, or by design,
 Shall now be no concern of mine;

But

But CÆLIA let her thimble drop,
Which, with great joy, Sir knight catch'd up.
And now for some fine thing to say,
In giving it, that might display
At once his love, and ready wit;
Quick was the thought—and this was it.

“ O, Ma'm, said he, with a low bow,

“ That we were in a church just now,

“ And this here thimble was a ring,

“ And you and I were bargaining,

“ Before the priest, for term of life,

“ To have and hold, as man and wife!

“ I say no more—but what say you?

“ Wou'dn't it be very pretty now?

CÆLIA again was hard put to't,

To keep herself from laughing out,

But willing one more speech to hear,

She let not the least smile appear;

But feign'd to seem she knew not how,

And blush'd, and said, she didn't know. }

Sir knight in's sleeve begun to laugh,

And thought he had her safe enough;

Triumphing, to himself he cry'd,

I knew I cou'dn't be deny'd!

Dam it, who'd ever be afraid

Of speaking to a silly maid?

Then turning to the blushing fair,

With a more pert, familiar air,

“ Well, Ma'm, said he, methinks I find

“ You're not to cruelty enclin'd;

“ There-

- " Therefore, in short, to tell you true,
 " I'm deep in love, and 'tis with you:
 " And this is all I have to say,
 " If you'll be happy, Ma'm, you may.

CÆLIA cou'd now no longer feign,
 Contempt and scorn at once were seen;
 And quick resentment in her look,
 Whilst thus ironical she spoke.

- " Dear Sir, no doubt I should be blest'd,
 " But I'm afraid you're but in jest;
 " Might I but on your words rely,
 " Sure my poor heart would burst with joy!
 " To see myself the happy bride
 " Of one who thousands had deny'd,
 " How wou'd it gratify my Pride?
 " How pleasant too 'twou'd be! how sweet!
 " To sit and listen to your wit!
 " A specimen of which I've seen
 " Most wonderful, since you came in.
 " What wit there was, when spoke by you,
 " In that same—*Well, and how d'ye do?*
 " And then—*What curious weather 'tis?*
 " No doubt a bright transition this!
 " As sure it was a pleasant joke,
 " To look, then ask—*What is't a Clock?*
 " But that which follow'd next to this,
 " The *thimble metamorphosis*,
 " Alias, *Sir Knight's wit's master-piece*:
 " O 'twas a wond'rous piece of wit!
 " Sure none but he cou'd thought of it!

" Yes,

“ Yes, — when this parlour here shoots up
 “ A church, with a long spire a top ;
 “ When time, which changes every thing,
 “ Shall change this thimble to a ring ;
 “ When this old chair’s a priest, and when
 “ This stool starts up, and says, *Amen* :
 “ When all these things shall come to pass,
 “ Then I’ll be married to an ass.

Here she burst into a laugh ;
 The knight like fury scamper’d off :
 Home he retir’d in deep disgrace,
 Resolv’d no more to shew his face,
 Nor man, nor woman see again,
 For death, he swore, shou’d end his pain.
 Thus raging mad, he from the wall,
 Takes down a pistol charg’d with ball ;
 And now before the glass he stood,
 Resolv’d to wash this stain away in blood ;
 But seeing his own shade appear,
 Confus’d, he thought himself was there ;
 And hast’ly aiming at his head,
 This moment is thy last, he said ;
 Then furiously the tricker drew,
 Slap, thro’ the glass the bullet flew :
 Down fell the mirrour, down the knight ;
 That with the blow, this with the fright.
 Struggling a while he lay ; at length,
 Fetching a groan with all his strength,
 His heart, or *something* from him broke,
 And these few words were all he spoke :
 “ Oh ! oh ! I’m dead, or just as good —
 “ I feel my breeches full of blood.

KITTY.



K I T T Y.

A

P A S T O R A L.

I.

FROM beneath a cool shade, by the side of a
stream,
Thus writes thy THEANDER, and thou art his theme:
Thy beauties inspiring, my dearest I'll shew,
There's nothing in nature so beauteous as you.

II.

Tho' distance divides us, thy beauties I see,
Those beauties so lov'd and admir'd by me!
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,
O Gods! you've made nothing so fair as my KITTY!

III.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst I thus gaze on thy numerous charms,
The beautiful objects which round me do lie,
Grow sick at thy presence with envy, and die.

IV. Now

IV.

Now FLORA the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn ;
But look on my KITTY! -- There sweetly does blow,
A spring of more beauties than FLORA can show.

V.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And, proud of its colour, wou'd vie with her blush ;
Vain boaster! thy beauties shall quickly decay,
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

VI.

Observe that fair lilly, the pride of the vale,
In whiteness unrivall'd ; now droops and looks pale ;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in submission to you.

VII.

The Zephirs that fan me beneath the cool shade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air
That breaths from her lips when she whispers —
my dear.

VIII.

O hear the gay lark as she mounts in the skies,
How sweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go ;
I have musick enough while my KITTY's below.

IX. With

IX.

With pleasure I watch the laborious bee,
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree;
Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive,
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

X.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves,
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each others bosoms we lie.

XI.

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
Their dams are less fond, nor so loving as me.

XII.

I view all the beauties the world now puts on,
Which all owe their birth to the warmth of the Sun:
The world is to me in my dear KITTY's arms,
And my love's the warm sun that must fill it with
 charms.

XIII.

But leaving the fields and the groves, I retire
To visit the gardens, where art does conspire
With nature, to finish one beauteous Parterre:
But heav'n, in her face, has out-done them by far.

XIV. Here

XIV.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,
And as some fade and die, others bud and look green;
The charms of my KITTY are constant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

XV.

I sit on the ground, and reclining my head,
Repose amongst flowers, a sweet-smelling bed!
A sweet-smelling bed; yet ah! nothing so sweet,
As KITTY's dear bosom, my balmy retreat.

XVI.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,
Thus even and sweet in her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

XVII.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,
And night now approaches, and hinders my sight:
To bed I must hasten, and there all her charms,
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

D

To

To Mrs. A. H. occasioned by seeing her
Seal a LETTER with the Impression of a
CUPID.

THUS from your eyes united beams conspire,
To kindle in our souls a pleasing fire;
Each softening heart dissolves within its breast,
And love, as on this wax, is there imprest:
And when 't has once the dear impression took,
'Till death it holds, as this does 'till it's broke.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

A Visit expected from the Right Honourable the Countess of HARTFORD,
to the Honourable Lady HOWE, at
Compton, in Gloucestershire.

The EXPECTATION.

I.

RISE, rise, my raptur'd muse, arise!
Sound ev'ry tuneful string:
HARTFORD prepares to bless our eyes
In notes sublime her welcome sing.

II. Ye

II.

Ye shady woods, ye groves serene,
Whose pleasing walks invite,
Adorn ye in your loveliest green,
To give the fair delight.

III.

Ye warbling queristers around,
Your choicest notes prepare;
With wild, yet sweet, harmonious sound
Regale the listening fair.

IV.

More sweetly smile, ye beauteous flow'rs,
With richer odours greet;
Her smiles still fairer are than yours,
Her breath more balmy sweet.

V.

And thou, bright planet of the day,
In all thy glories shine;
Left from her eyes a brighter ray
Obscure the light of thine.

VI.

Ye various beauties which adorn
This mourning, rural Seat;
Now, now let all your charms be worn,
For her your griefs forget.

The ARRIVAL.

I.

SHE comes, the *Venus* of our isle!
Cyprus ne'er saw so fair a thing;
 The loves and graces round her smile,
 The wond'ring muse admires the while,
 Admires, but fears to sing.

II.

See! where she walks the groves conspire
 In closer shades to grow;
 And trees whose loftier trunks aspire,
 Bow down their heads, and seem t' admire,
 And envy shrubs below.

III.

The birds too leaving nests and young,
 Fly down to gaze on her;
 From bush to bush they hop in throngs,
 And entertain her with their songs,
 Devoid of wonted fear.

IV.

When in the garden she arrives,
 The smiling scene seems blest;
 Each withering flow'r a while revives,
 And those in bud put out their leaves
 To see so fair a guest.

V. The

V.

The sun too seems with brighter ray
T' adorn the lovely scene ;
But it's her eyes augments the day,
Her presence makes the prospect gay,
O *Phæbus* ! more than thine.

VI.

Ev'n the lov'd *Lady* of the place,
So long with grief oppress'd,
More chearful seems, which from her face,
Diffuses gladness round the place,
And joy thro' ev'ry breast.

The DEPARTURE.

I.

BUT transient is the date
Of sublunary joys ;
And those we highest rate,
The soonest leave our eyes :
This truth we prove : O muse, in sadness flow,
The fair prepares, so soon prepares to go !

II.

See how the groves around
A gloomier green put on ;
And leaves upon the ground ;
Like dropping tears fall down.
The sighing winds thro' ev'ry bush make moan ;
The trees seem toss'd with grief, and bend, and groan.

III.

The pretty wond'ring Birds,
 Tho' silent, seem in pain;
 And range the grove in herds
 To find her out again:
 Returning, pensive on some naked bough
 They sit, and think (if Birds can think) on you.

IV.

The flow'rs which but just now
 In loveliest colours shone,
 Fade, and droop, and bow,
 As if their sun was gone;
 'Tis sudden grief which thus their charms impairs,
 To lose the lustre they receiv'd from her's.

V.

The sun too seems to shine
 Less warm, and far less bright:
 O HARTFORD! losing thine,
 He loses half his light.
 A cloudy veil too hides from us his face,
 And show'rs of sorrow drown this mournful place.

VI.

COMPTON, which just began,
 Its native charms to shew,
 Relapsing now again
 In mourning seems for you:
 In careless grief its clouded beauties lie,
 Which lately so delighted every eye.

THE PETITION.

I.

THE various suppliants which address
 Their pray'rs to heaven on bended knees,
 All hope alike for happiness,
 Yet each petition disagrees.
 Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss :
 The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

II.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
 Some eighteen years ago
 A form was made divinely bright,
 And sent for us t' admire below :
 I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,
 I hope you'll therefore think my title best,
 And, to reward my judgment, with her make me }
 blest.

III.

I ask not heaps of shining gold ;
 No, if the gods vouchsafe
 My longing arms may her infold,
 I'm rich, I'm rich enough !
 Riches at best can hardly give content ;
 But having her, what is there I can want ?

IV.

I ask not with a pompous train
 Of honours, all the world t' out-brave ;
 The title I wou'd wish to gain,
 Is,—*Her most fav'rite Slave* :
 To bow to her a greater bliss would be
 Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

V.

To rule the world with power supreme,
 Let meaner souls aspire ;
 To gain the sov'reignty from them
 I stoop not to desire :
 Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast ;
 Let petty princes for the world contest.

VI.

Let libertines who take delight
 In riot and excess,
 Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,
 Whilst I to joys sublimer press :
 Clasp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove,
 As never yet was found, or felt, in love.

VII.

In short, I ask you not to live
 A tedious length of days ;
 Old age can little pleasure give,
 When health and strength decays :
 Let but what time I have be spent with her's,
 Each moment will be worth a thousand years.

THE

THE
ENQUIRY.
A FABLE.

Humbly Inscribed to
My Lord BEAUCHAMP.

THE kingly ruler of the plain,
Just ent'ring on his savage reign,
To grace his coronation feast,
Sent and invited ev'ry beast ;
And soon the royal cave beheld,
With all his various subjects fill'd :
For leagues of peace were lately made,
And lambs and wolves together play'd :
Foxes and tim'rous hares agree
With dogs, their ancient enemy.
And now a sumptuous table spread,
Friendly they altogether fed ;
And having din'd, sit still and prate
Familiarly of this and that ;
'Till with a kind, yet serious, look,
The king, desiring audience, spoke.

“ My friends, and loving subjects all,
“ Who've kindly thus obey'd my call,

“ I

42 *The MUSE in LIVERY.*

“ I give you thanks : and now I crave
 “ Your further kindness to receive.
 “ I’m seated on the throne, you see,
 “ In peaceable tranquility ;
 “ No cares of war disturb my breast ;
 “ With taxes you are not oppress’d :
 “ This life I’ll therefore spend in joy ;
 “ None shall be happier than I.
 “ But lest I should pursue false blifs,
 “ What I would ask of you is this ;
 “ To tell me—*What true PLEASURE is.*

The Beasts seem’d pleas’d with this request ;
 Each thought he could advise him best :
 And striving who should silence break,
 They all at once rose up to speak ;
 ’Till by his Majesty’s command,
 Their forward zeal was soon restrain’d ;
 Who calmly bidding them sit down,
 And let him hear them one by one,
 Th’ impatient Monkey thus begun.

“ Pleasure, my Liege, is free from strife,
 “ To lead a thoughtless, easy life :
 “ Airy, and wild, and brisk, and gay,
 “ To sing, and dance, and laugh, and play.
 “ Now following this, now that, and that ;
 “ And, so’t be new, no matter what.
 “ Free from all rules of just and fit,
 “ Do mischief first, then laugh at it ;
 “ This is diversion, pleasure, wit.

The

The Ass was here provok'd to rise,
And gravely thus bray'd his advice.
" If, said he, real pleasure is
" In such buffoonery as this,
" Then beaus and smarts amongst mankind,
" Are in their notions most refin'd;
" But well we know by men of sense,
" They're tax'd with vain impertinence.
" I therefore think true pleasure lies
" (If I may be thought fit t'advise)
" In careless indolence and ease,
" Not suffering any thing to tease :
" Regardless what th' ambitious fly at,
" So we're but undisturb'd and quiet ;
" Well knowing 'tis but to attain
" More ease, that they're at so much pain :
" And he's more happy, none can doubt it,
" Who's easy without taking pains about it.

Now rose the Hog, and with a grunt,
" Pleasure, cry'd he, they know nought on't.
" A life trail'd on in laziness,
" Can only suit a stupid Ass ;
" And fool'd away in Monkey mirth,
" It's really full as little worth :
" For doing nothing worthy fame,
" And doing nothing—'s much the same.
" But if you'd real pleasure know,
" Let gen'rous liquor smiling flow ;
" In jovial crews spend every hour,
" And drink, and sing, and rant, and roar.

" Thus

“ Thus every care will sink and drown,
“ Whilst mirth and joy runs laughing round :
“ I seem a monarch while I drink so ;
“ And you’ll be a God, if you but think so.

Here burst the Goat into a laugh,
And thus beginning with a scoff,
“ Doubtless, said he, it must be fine,
“ T’ exalt a nasty dirty swine
“ To such a height in fancying,
“ As to believe himself a king.
“ But that which thus perverts our senses,
“ Can have, I think, but small pretences
“ To recommend it to our favour,
“ As pleasure of the truest flavour.
“ Nature, methinks, should guide in this,
“ Who seems t’ have shewn the highest bliss,
“ In having plac’d the sweetest gust,
“ In gratifying natural lust.
“ And that ’tis the sublimest joy
“ I think’s so plain none can deny :
“ Witness the mad tormenting pain,
“ When disappointed, we sustain ;
“ Witness how eagerly we press on ;
“ Witness our raptures in possession.

But here the Leopard, rising slow,
Expos’d his beauteous spots to show,
And with a grave majestick face,
Thus gave his verdict in the case.
“ Pleasure consists not in such short,
“ Imperfect, transitory sport ;

“ Of

- “ Of which, the pains we’re at to get it,
“ O’er pays the bliss when we come at it:
“ Nor can it e’er be call’d true joy,
“ With such a mixture of alloy.
“ No; that must be the most refin’d
“ Which most exalts and charms the mind;
“ And nothing sure more charming is
“ Than honour, pomp, and dignities;
“ Than grandeur, and magnificence;
“ Than sumptuous trains, and vast expence;
“ Than place, distinction, and preferment,
“ And when we die a grand interment.

At this the Horse with noble look,
Raising his crested neck, thus spoke.
“ That merit should be rais’d on high,
“ I think’s so just, none can deny;
“ But he who places all his bliss,
“ In the external pomp of this,
“ Knows not what greatness, nor what pleasure is.
“ His judgment errs as much at least,
“ As his who thinks that painting best,
“ Which is in gaudiest colours drest:
“ Of both we may affirm the same,
“ Their taste lies only in the gilded frame.
“ I grant preferment, honour, place,
“ Are rising steps to happiness;
“ but whilst we’re upwards thus aspiring,
“ We’re anxious still, and still desiring.
“ To act with an unbounded will,
“ Can only our desires fulfil;

“ Whence

46 *The MUSE in LIVERY.*

“ Whence the highest bliss in my opinion,
 “ Must be in power and dominion.

Thus all their various sense exprest,
 And each advis'd what he thought best;
 But still, what each as best esteem'd,
 Was by the next that spoke condemn'd.
 Mean while the savage monarch fate
 Attentive to the warm debate;
 The nature saw, without disguise,
 Of every beast in his advice.
 But soon the disputants grew rude,
 Confusion, noise, tumultuous feud,
 Enrage the jarring multitude:
 'Till weary'd out, the royal beast
 Thus spoke, and silenc'd all the rest.

“ Cease, cease your vain contention; cease
 “ Your shallow schemes of happiness;
 “ Which only have confirm'd me more,
 “ 'Tis where I thought it was before.
 “ Greatness is no establishment
 “ Of real bliss, or true content;
 “ Luxurious banquets soon disgust;
 “ We're quickly pall'd with sensual lust.
 “ VIRTUE alone can give true joy!
 “ The sweets of VIRTUE never cloy:
 “ To take delight in doing good,
 “ In justice, truth, and gratitude;
 “ In aiding those whom cares oppress,
 “ Admin'tring comfort to distress;

“ These,

“ These, these are joys which all who prove,
“ Anticipate the bliss above;
“ These are the joys, and these alone,
“ We ne’er repent, or wish undone.

He spoke: the beasts without delay,
Rose from their seats, and sneak’d away.

The DEVIL is a DUNCE.

A T A L E.

*If Rome can pardon sins as Romans hold;
And if those pardons may be bought and sold,
It were no sin t’adore and worship gold.*

ROCHESTER.

IT happen’d on a certain time,
Two *Seignioras*, who the prime
Of youth had spent in wickedness,
Came to his holiness to confess;
Of which, the one had riches store,
The other (wicked wretch!) was poor.
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven a nearer way
Than those who all their life-time pray:
Which may affected be they hope,
By buying pardon of the Pope.
So calling fresh to mind their sins,
The rich offender thus begins,

“ Most

" Most holy father I have been,
 " I must confess, in many a sin.
 " All laws divine I've thought a joke ;
 " All human laws for interest broke.
 " And to encrease my ill-got store,
 " Thought it no crime t'oppress the poor,
 " To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
 " Or any thing to gain my ends.
 " But now grown old, and near to die,
 " I do repent me heartily
 " Of all my vile offences past,
 " And in particular the last,
 " By which I wickedly beguil'd,
 " A dead friend's son, my guardian child,
 " Of all his dear paternal store,
 " Which was ten thousand pounds or more ;
 " Who since is starv'd to death by want,
 " And now sincerely I repent :
 " Which that your holiness may see,
 " One half the sum I've brought with me,
 " And thus I cast it at your feet,
 " Dispose of it as you think meet,
 " To pious uses, or your own,
 " I hope 'twill all my faults atone.

" Friend, quoth the Pope, I'm glad to see
 " Such true repentance wrought in thee ;
 " But as your sins are very great,
 " You have but half repented yet :
 " Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
 " Unless the whole which thus you've gain'd.
 " To pious uses be ordain'd.

}
 " All!

" All! cry'd the man; I thought that half

" Had been a pretty price enough.

" Nay, quoth the Pope, Sir, if you hum

" And haw at parting with the sum,

" Go, keep it, do; and damn your soul:

" I tell you I must have the whole.

" 'Tis not a little thing procures

" A pardon for such sins as yours."

Well, — rather than be doom'd to go,

To dwell with everlasting woe,

One would give any thing you know:

So th' other half was thrown down to't,

And then he soon obtain'd his suit;

A pardon for his sins was given,

And home he went, assur'd of heaven.

And now the poor man bends his knee;

" Most holy father pardon me,

" A poor and humble penitent,

" Who all my substance vilely spent,

" In every wanton, youthful pleasure;

" But now I suffer out of measure;

" With dire diseases being fraught,

" And eke so poor, not worth a groat.

" Poor, quoth the Pope, then cease your suit,

" Indeed you may as well be mute;

" Forbear your now too late contrition,

" You're in a reprobate condition.

" What! spend your wealth, and from the whole

" Not save one soule to save your soul!

" O you're a sinner, and a hard one,
 " I wonder you can ask a pardon:
 " Friend, they're not had unless you buy 'em,
 " You're therefore damn'd, as sure as I am —
 " Vicegerent to the King of Heaven:
 " No, no, such sins can't be forgiven.
 " I cannot save you if I wou'd,
 " Nor would I do it if I could.

Home goes the man in deep despair,
 And dy'd soon after he came there;
 And went, 'tis said, to Hell; but sure
 He was not damn'd for being poor!
 But long he had not been below,
 Before he saw his friend come too;
 At this he was in great surprize,
 And scarcely could believe his eyes:
 " What, friend, said he, are you come too?
 " I thought the Pope had pardon'd you.
 " Yes, quoth the man, I thought so too:
 " But I was by the Pope trepan'd, —
 " *The Devil could not read his hand.*

AN EPISTLE to my Friend J. B.

WHY, *Jack*, how now? I hear strange stories,
 How *Molly*-- what-d'ye-call't your whore is:
 Hold, — blot that word; — rhyme forc'd it in,
 Your dear kind mistress, Sir, I mean:
 And people say, but whisper that,
 That she, poor soul! is big with brat.

If this, as I believe, is true,
 In what a curst case are you !
 You must the Child maintain and father,
 Or hang, or marry, which you'd rather:
 Confounded choices all, I vow :
 But you ne'er dream'd of these till now.
 These thoughts, alas ! were ne'er in your head,
 Th' unlucky feat was done hand o'er head:
 Reason was then esteem'd a bastard,
 True pleasure's foe, a fearful dastard,
 And by stiff passion over-master'd.
 But don't you think yourself an ass,
 To vent your spleen upon a lass;
 A silly unexperienc'd girl,
 Who, you might swear, in time wou'd tell.
 Besides you might, better than there,
 Have spit your venom you know where;
 And then no further harm had come on't;
 Now you must reap the fruit of some on't.
 O bitter fruit ! to those that taste it;
 You've cause to pray that heav'n may blast it,
 And from the tree abortive cast it.
 For shou'd the wicked embrion,
 (As all ill weeds are apt) come on
 The Lord have mercy on poor *John* !
 Who'll then be curstly surrounded
 With noise and squall ; and quite confounded
 With highting, dancing, jumping, jowling,
 And th' hateful noise of cradle rowling :
 Now deaf'd with mammy's lullaby,
 In consort with the peevish cry

Of squeaking, squalling, roaring brat,
Enough to make one tear one's hat.

Then (to say nothing of the shame
It brings unhappy dad and mam)
Your silver will be ever flying;
Something or other always buying:
Clouts, blankets, barrows, hippins, fwaddles;
Fine painted gewgaws, corals, rattles,
Caps, aprons, bibs, white frocks, and mantling,
To cloath the little sh——n bantling.

On th' other side, when pregnant foetus
Breaks from the womb with strong impetus,
And comes into this world of grief,
(O that it ne'er may come with life!)
There's such a hurry, such a pothor!
Old wives and midwives one with th' other;
Such eating, drinking, and devouring;
Such washing, rinsing, scrubbing, scouring;
Such waiting, running, and attending,
Thy purse had need to have no ending.

But hold, I run on hand o'er head,
And quite forget poor *Moll* in bed.
Ah *John*! the new-made granny cries,
Behold my girl, with pitying eyes,
See, see, poor soul, how sick she lies!
How weak, how faint, and how decay'd;
Some strengthening cordials must be had;

Then

Then *item* this, and that — and that;
 And *item* — *item* — God knows what;
 For mammy some, and some for brat.

And now look back again, and view
 The mischiefs thou hast run into;
 Led blindly on by sinful passion,
 (God knows!) and small consideration!
 See what a num'rous train of plagues
 Attend upon the damn'd intrigues
 Of that part of the female sex!
 See, and beware their future wiles,
 Fly, fly their false deluding smiles;
 Shun 'em as basilisks, whose eyes
 Dart wounds, and he that's wounded dies.
 Fly their temptations, fly their charms,
 Fly their damn'd deceitful arms.
 Avoid them as the plague or pox,
 Shun 'em as precipices, rocks;
 Dire rocks! near which whoever came,
 Was sure to split, and sink, and damn.

A S I M I L E.

O FTEN, dear friend, I've laugh'd to see,
 And so have you as well as me,
 On *Sunday*, in your little towns,
 How spruce appear the country clowns.
Dick, *Jack*, and *Tom* are dress'd most fine;
 And how the lasses faces shine!

Gaffer and Gammer too put on
Their best apparel, hose, and shoon:
All, old and young, in roastmeat cloaths,
To church repair, like belles and beaus:
There plac'd in rows, they sit and sigh,
And lift their hands and eyes on high,
In raptures all, they know not why.
From noise and sound their joys proceed,
Good sense will never do the deed;
But Nonsense utter'd in a tone,
Is sure to fetch a pious groan;
To hear the rev'rend vicar hollow,
And from his throat *damnation* bellow,
With threat'ning look and great emotion,
Lord, how it heightens their devotion!
To hear him preach of incarnation,
Or rail at transubstantiation,
Election, and predestination:
To hear him tell the just affinity
Betwixt the persons of the Trinity;
And make full easily agree
Omniscience and free agency:
Tho' points which he poor man's as short in,
As I should be to tell your fortune;
And which they understand as much,
As if he preach'd to them in *Dutch*:
Yet he's a scholar, they admire him;
He preaches just as they desire him:
'Tis sound, not sense, which warms their hearts,
And tones and accents shew his parts.

So have I seen at modern opera's,
As great a zeal for greater fopperies.
Here the grand monde in crowds resort,
And chairs and coaches jostle for't:
The pit and boxes gradual fill;
The show begins, and all are still.
First recitativo's hum drum noise
Their listening ears a-while employs;
Then SENESINO, or LA STRADA,
Begins *ba, ba*, — and all run mad-a:
They're raptur'd, lost in extasy!
And *bravo, bravo, bravo!* cry,
Not one in ten tho' knows for why.

*To the Honourable Lady HOWE, upon the Death
of her Husband Sir RICHARD HOWE Bart.
who died July 2. 1730. after they had lived
together upwards of Fifty Years.*

I.

HE's gone! the great good man is gone!
No power on earth could save:
The will of heaven at last is done;
This night conveys him to the grave.

II.

But let this thought alleviate
The sorrows of your mind:
He's gone; — but he is gone so late,
You can't be long behind.

III.

Heav'n saw your love; was very loath
 To part so blest a pair,
 Till it was time to take you both,
 That each might equal share.

IV.

As well in heaven, as on earth,
 The joys which each possess'd;
 Knowing that either, whilst alone,
 Wou'd even in heaven but half be blest'd.

*To my Friend Mr. WRIGHT, upon his com-
 mending something I had wrote.*

SAY, was the real merit of my lays
 The happy motive of your gen'rous praise?
 Or did your partial friendship in each line,
 Too much indulge the muse because 'twas mine?
 Yes, yes, 'twas so; the first can ne'er be true;
 'Tis hard to please a judge and critick too.

RELIGION. A SIMILE.

I'M often drawn to make a stop,
 And gaze upon a picture-shop.
 There have I seen (as who that carries
 Has not the same?) a head that varies;
 And as in diff'rent views expos'd,
 A different figure is disclos'd.

This

This way a fool's head is express'd,
 Whose very countenance is a jest;
 Such as were formerly at court
 Kept to make the wiser people sport.
 Turn it another way you'll have,
 A face ridiculously grave,
 Something betwixt the fool and knave.
 Again, but alter the position,
 You're frighted with the apparition:
 A hideous threat'ning Gorgon head
 Appears, enough to fright the dead.
 But place it in its proper light,
 A lovely face accosts the sight;
 Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
 And own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true religion fares: For when
 By silly, or designing men,
 In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,
 'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest:
 And men, first led the truth to doubt on't,
 Are after, laugh'd and jested out on't.
 Here by a set of men 'tis thought
 A scheme, by politicians wrought,
 To strengthen and enforce the law,
 And keep the vulgar more in awe:
 And these, to shew sublimer parts,
 Cast all religion from their hearts;
 Brand all their vot'ries as the tools
 Of priests, and politician's Fools.

Some

Some view it in another light,
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite:
 And these are such as blindly place it
 In superstitions that disgrace it;
 And think the essence of it lies
 In ceremonious fooleries:
 In points of faith and speculation,
 Which tend to nothing but vexation.
 With these it is a heinous crime
 To cough or spit in sermon-time:
 'Tis worse to whistle on a *Sunday*
 Than cheat their neighbours on a *Monday*:
 To dine without first saying grace, is
 Enough to lose in heaven their places:
 But goodness, honesty, and virtue,
 Is what they've not the least regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
 Who place it in the bug-bear view:
 Think it consists in strange severities;
 In fastings, weepings, and austerities.
 False notions their weak minds possess,
 Of faith, and grace, and holiness:
 And as the lord's of purer eyes
 Than to behold iniquities,
 They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
 All their endeavours will be bootless;
 And dreadful furies in *eternum*,
 In un consuming fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the few,
 Who place it in its proper view!

To these it shines divinely bright,
 No clouds obscure its native light;
 Truth stamps conviction in the mind,
 All doubts and fears cast are behind,
 And peace and joy at once an entrance find,

}

*Upon finding the two following Lines
 transcrib'd by a Lady:*

*When some with cold superior looks redress,
 Relief seems insult, and confirms distress.*

THE beautiful contrast to these two lines,
 Reigns in your breast, in all your actions shines:
 With other's woes your suffering soul is grieved,
 Your aid and pity is at once receiv'd;
 Distress is pleasant to be so reliev'd.

}

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I.

THE sun had now withdrawn his glim'ring
 beams,
 And bluish mists began to rise
 From the low vales, and from the cooling streams,
 A pleasing stillness by degrees came on;
 And not one single breeze,
 With the least wave disturb'd the silent trees:

The

The cooing doves had ceas'd their am'rous moan,
 And all the winged quire to rest were gone.
 Soft hushing murmurs issu'd from the floods,
 Eccho lay dead in all the silent woods:
 Nature herself was hush'd, and seem'd to stand
 Attentive, listening to some great command.

II.

The lovely prospect charm'd me out alone,
 A pleasing contemplation led me on:
 Wrap'd in extatick thought I rove,
 And view the solemn scene,
 All silent and serene,
 Nor stopp'd, 'till in the middle of a Grove:
 A gloomy grove, whose awful shade,
 By rocks impervious, and thick branches made,
 A mixture of delight and horror had.
 Admiring here, with mute surprize,
 Nature's inexplicable prodigies;
 Sudden, a dismal grone I hear,
 And mournful sighs succeeding wound mine ear.
 Softly advancing tow'rds the doleful sound,
 I spy'd, beneath a spreading oak,
 Stretch'd on the naked ground,
 A youth, whose grief profound,
 His heaving breast and troubled motions spoke.

III.

Compassion in my breast arose.
 Methought I felt his woes!

His

His frequent sighs,
And gushing tears surprize,
With sympathetick grief, my trickling eyes.
A settled sorrow dwelt upon his look;
Distress, and dire despair,
O'erwhelm his soul with anxious care:
A smother'd discontent,
Was in his throbbing bosom pent:
And hopeless quite of all relief,
Stupid he seem'd, with silent grief,
'Till thus, at last, to ease his lab'ring mind, he spoke.

IV.

" Ye Gods! and must I thus for ever live?
" Will no kind power my woes relieve?
" Helpless, forlorn, abandon'd to despair,
" A hopeless wretch I wander here;
" Expos'd to penury and want,
" A poor unhappy mendicant,
" To whom no pitying hand vouchsafes relief,
" No pitying eye looks down upon my grief.
" What have I done? ye cruel powers,
" Who guide this strange, unequal world of ours!
" What have I done? that on my destin'd head,
" Your wrath thus heavy falls, your choicest plagues
are shed?

V.

" Oh! was it not enough to make me poor?
" Why must this curse be still augmented more?
" Why, but to finish me a wretch, was join'd
" To such a narrow fate, a boundless mind?
" When

- " When you my fortune made so low,
 " Had you but made my mind so too,
 " A chearful life I might have led,
 " With pleasure lab'ring for my daily bread,
 " But, O perverse! you in my mind have plac'd
 " A relish of those joys,
 " From virtue, truth, and knowledge which arise,
 " Yet cruelly deny'd me power to taste.
 " In hell 'tis thus
 " With wretched TANTALUS:
 " Fair apples tempt his lips, yet from them fly;
 " Clearstreams provoke his thirst, yet leave him dry.
 " But I, more wretched, even from my birth,
 " Endure this hell, am tantaliz'd on earth.
 " Learning's clear streams my thirst invite;
 " The tree of knowledge grows within my sight;
 " But when I beg to drink, or taste the fruit,
 " Not having where withal
 " To pay for what I call,
 " In vain I ask, I'm forc'd to cease my suit.

VI.

- " And must it thus, ye Gods, for ever be?
 " Will no kind power extend its arm to me?
 " For ever must I thus remain a slave;
 " O rather send me quickly to the grave.
 " What pleasure can I have, what joy in life!
 " Surrounded thus with poverty and want;
 " My high desires with my low fate at strife,
 " Those still desiring what this cannot grant.
 " O why is this my fate?
 " This very worst estate!

" Say,

- " Say, ye great Gods, who all our thoughts foresee,
" Should I, was any one to favour me,
" Or undeserving or ungrateful be?
 " Riches corrupt the mind, I grant;
 " But a small competence is all I want;
 " Would this my virtue taint?
" Oh! if it would, if you're appriz'd of this,
" Still let my fate be wretched as it is:
" But if 'twould only furnish me with power,
" 'T' encrease my knowledge and my virtue more;
" If this appears, without disguise,
" As sure it does to your all-seeing eyes,
" The genuine motive of my small petition,
" O grant my suit, ye Gods, and mend my poor
 condition!

VII.

He ceas'd ; and lo ! a sudden light
Shot smiling thro' the gloom, dispers'd the shades
 of night ;
The rocks and trees around with brightness shone,
 Brightness before unknown !
Cœlestial fragancies perfume the air ;
All shew the presence of some angel there.
 And now before his wondring eyes,
A heavenly form descends, and gently bids him rise:
 Charm'd with the sound,
 Trembling he rises from the ground,
Quick beats his heart with new-born hopes and joys.
Raising his head, at once his raptur'd sight
Is struck with awe, and ravish'd with delight !
Surprising dignity, majestick grace ;
With smiling sweetness mix'd, adorns her face.

A noble

A noble grandeur forms her outward mein,
 Cœlestial virtues dart their glories from within.
 A kind benevolence, a heavenly love,
 With gen'rous pity in her bosom move.
 Goodness divine appear'd in every look,
 And thus, with grace ineffable, she spoke.

VIII.

" Blame not the Gods, young man, for what they've
 done,

" Their dispensations, tho' to you unknown,

" Are doubtless just: besides, thou canst not see

" What they may yet design for thee;

" Virtue is certainly their care,

" If thou art truly so, no more despair;

" Behold, thy GUARDIAN ANGEL here.

She spoke, and darted shining thro' the wood,

The youth transported, in amazement stood.

And now beneath her care he lives at ease,

His present wants supply'd,

Nor future hopes deny'd,

His anxious troubles cease,

His griefs subside in peace;

And all his care for blessings such as these,

Is how, with gratitude enough, to honour, serve, and
 please.

To Sir Griffith Boynton Bar.

AND is it true, my muse, does BOYNTON praise?
So great a man approve thy infant lays?
Cease then thy fears, nor dread the critick's frown;
Applause from him alone is great renown.
From him! so nice a judge and critick known,
Might fill ev'n POPE himself with pride to own.
Henceforth I'll fearless tune the trembling lyre,
And bolder notes and loftier flights aspire;
No more distrust my muse's power to fly,
Since uncondemn'd she has pass'd the nicest eye.

But say, O grateful muse! not only praise,
The poor reward of poets now-a-days;
That empty favour not suffic'd a mind
More truly great, more gen'rously inclin'd:
His condescending goodness deign'd to shew,
What he thought worthy praise, he would encourage too.

Now fain in gratitude I'd something say,
But humble thanks are all I have to pay;
Stay yet, my muse, till more refin'd and strong,
Then sing his praise who first approv'd thy song.

*Wrote upon the Cellar-Door at my
Lord H-----D's.*

HENCE more delicious streams of liquor flow,
Than CANAAN's choicest rivers can bestow;
Let MOSES then alone be there a dweller,
And let my CANAAN be — Lord H——D's Cellar.

An Entertainment design'd for the
WEDDING of Governour
LOWTHER and Miss PEN-
NINGTON.

The S O N G.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jars,
Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy
Shall their powers employ,
To bless the glad bridegroom, and beautiful bride,
To bless the glad bridegroom, and beautiful bride-
Anger shall ne'er presume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, shall never the union divide,
Shall never, shall never the union divide.

O the

O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in HYMEN's nuptial chapters !

Love commencing,

Joys dispensing ;

Beauty smiling,

Wit beguiling ;

Kindness charming,

Fancy warming ;

Kissing, toying,

Melting, dying ;

O the pleasing, pleasing raptures !

[As this Song ends, enter three young women, representing the three Goddesses JUNC, VENUS, and MINERVA. The Musick plays a wild Symphony, to which the Goddesses dance: After which they address the bride one after another ; VENUS, unloosing her CESTUS, and presenting it, speaks first.]

V E N U S.

Hail, happy fair ! blest favourite of love !
The care of Gods and Goddesses above !
Receive from VENUS' hand the magick Zone,
Where all the secret charms of love are sown,
And join fair VENUS' beauties to your own. }
A thousand nameless graces hence shall rise,
Play on your breasts, and wanton in your eyes :
Your ev'ry action beauty shall display,
And all you do shall please, and all you say.
Fond love and gay desires shall raise your charms,
And more than mortal pleasures fill your arms.

MINERVA.

Hail, lovely virgin! worthy of a God!
 With beauty thus, by beauty's queen endow'd;
 From me be blest with other powers to please,
 Gently to sooth, and kindly to appease.
 When love subsides, and beauty palls the sense,
 Wit and Good-nature shall new charms dispense.
 Perswasion soft shall dwell upon thy tongue,
 And mild forgiveness wait each little wrong.
 Gladness in thee shall still augment his joy;
 His griefs thy sympathizing grief shall sigh.
 This will secure his love, endear thy charms,
 And throw him oft with rapture in thy arms.
 These social virtues will maintain thy sway,
 When beauty's fading flow'r shall die away.

JUNO.

Whilst wit and beauty's queens their influence shed,
 'Tis left for me to bless the nuptial bed.
 Nor wit, nor beauty's charms, without an heir,
 Can bless the marriage-state, nor make a happy pair.
 Mine be the care to crown your secret joys,
 A smiling progeny from thence shall rise;
 With manly graces from their father blest'd,
 And all the female charms from thine imprest.
 These shall the surest bond of union prove;
 The seals and pledges of your mutual love.

[As VENUS is advancing again to speak, enter a boy or girl representing CUPID, with his bow and quiver, who interrupting her, with an air of pertness, raillery and boasting, makes the following speech.]

CUPID

C U P I D.

Hold, hold, 'tis my turn now to put in,
 You've said enough, *Mamma*, for nothing:
 Here you've all made a mighty pother,
 With I give this, and I give t'other;
 And after all, pray what's she better
 For any thing that you've done at her?
 As * fair she was, as bright she shone,
 Before she got your girdle on;
 Nor can it in the least exalt her,
 'Bove what she was long since at WA'TER.
 And then for † wit and inward graces,
 Asking your pardon, she surpasses
 Your virtuous self: And all you teach,
 She knew before she heard you preach.
 But as to you || there, who pretend
 You'll in a certain case befriend;
 Pray give your friendly aid elsewhere,
 I'm sure 'twill ne'er be wanted here.
 No, Madam, — here's my bow and dart
 To your two peacocks and your cart;
 That HE and SHE their parts can do,
 Better than JUPITER and You.

And thus, for any thing you've given,
 You might as well all stay'd in heaven:
 As fair she was, as full of graces,
 Before she ever saw your faces.
 The charms which you pretend t' have given,
 Are from another source deriv'd:

* To Venus.

† To Minerva.

|| To Juno.

See the fair fountain * where they shine!
See where they flow amongst a num'rous line!

And now, † believe me what I say,
(I scorn to lye, 'tis not my way)
I've been your friend more than all they.
They came pretending to bestow
Those graces which they'll steal from you.
But I'm your friend, fair Lady, I;
And this, if any dare deny,
This bow and dart shall justify.
But hear me first, then judge my cause,
By Love's and Truth's impartial laws.

CUPID *the* CONQUEROR's my name,
The mighty God of love I am:
Round the wide world I make my tour,
And kings and princes feel my power.
To beauty I'm a friend confes'd,
Still ready with my bow t' assist.
Flying one night to *Britain's* court,
Amongst the belles and beaus to sport,
One fairer than the rest I view,
I thought 'twas VENUS, but 'twas You.
'Tis VENUS' lip, 'tis VENUS' eye;
Why, what does she do here, says I?
If I didn't say so let me die.
But soon your modest air and mien,
Told me it was not beauty's queen:

* *Pointing to her mother and brothers.*

† *Addressing himself to the bride.*

No wonder fight at first did err,
You're but in virtue known from her.

And now I strung my bow with art,
And from my quiver chose a dart:
The beard was rough, the point was keen,
Such ne'er come out when once they're in.
With joyful speed away I flew,
Resolv'd to find one worthy you.
The noble names which grace our isle,
Assemble in my mind a-while;
LOWTHER most charms my ears, a name
With honour mention'd in the rolls of fame:
'Mongst our great families there's none
More worthy of you than your own.
My bow I arm'd, and levelling true,
With strength and speed the arrow flew;
And as it flew, these words I said,
Strike him with love, or strike him dead.
And now his noble soul does move
With all the tenderness of love:
In him you may expect to find
A husband loving, constant, kind;
With virtues blest, with honours crown'd,
And smiling plenty dancing round.

[As CUPID draws towards the conclusion of his
speech, enters the GOD OF MARRIAGE, who,
with a grave and solemn air, pronounces his blef-
sings upon 'em in the following words.]

HYMEN.

Hail, happy pair! my blessings on you wait!
 Such pairs as you do honour to my state.
 Let ease and plenty flow a constant tide,
 And love and joy your equal hours divide;
 Let rude misfortune never dare intrude,
 To interrupt your bliss and social solitude.
 When war tumultuous all the world alarms,
 You unmolested shall enjoy the charms
 Of quiet peace, each in the other's arms.
 In her shall you, in you shall she be blest;
 Each shall enjoy a heaven in either's breast.
 Then shall compleat your bliss a lovely boy,
 A smiling heir, the first-fruits of your joy,
 And LOWTHER's name shall never, never die.

The SONG.

THEN hence all dull cares,
 All quarrels and jars,
 Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
 Content, love, and joy,
 Shall their powers employ,
 To bless the glad bridegroom, and beautiful bride,
 To bless the glad bridegroom, and beautiful bride.
 Anger shall ne'er presume
 To come within this room;
 No doubt nor anxious fear
 Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
 Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
 Shall never, shall never the union divide,
 Shall never, shall never the union divide.

O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in HYMEN's nuptial chapters!

Love commencing,

Joys dispensing ;

Beauty smiling,

Wit beguiling ;

Kindness charming,

Fancy warming ;

Kissing toying,

Melting, dying ;

O the pleasing, pleasing raptures !

The A D V I C E.

DOST thou, my friend, desire to rise

To honour, wealth, and dignities,

Virtue's paths, tho' trod by few,

With constant steps do thou pursue :

For as the coward-soul admires

That courage which the brave inspires ;

And his own quarrels to defend,

Gladly makes such a one his friend ;

So in a world which rogues infest,

How is an honest man carefs'd !

The villians from each other fly,

And on his virtue safe rely.

That thou may'st truly virtuous be,

Virtue now in effigy,

From my forming pen shall rise,

And naked pass before thine eyes.

Hear

Hear her precepts, hear her voice,
And learn, by making these thy choice,
At once to please, be good, and wise.

But as careful farmers still
Noxious weeds and thistles kill;
Which otherwise choak up and spoil
The product of the richest soil;
So vices, which the mind o'erspread,
Must first be weeded from the bed,
If e'er we hope to see appear
A smiling field of virtues there.

First then, my friend, let haughty pride
Never o'er thy thoughts preside;
Be this thy first and chiefest care,
For whilst that vice inhabits there,
The mind, puff'd up with vain conceit,
Like bladders, when with wind replete,
Will nothing else but that admit.
Full of themselves, they soar above
All thoughts or wishes to improve:
Nor think 'tis possible to know
More or better than they do:
And till good-sense disperse this cloud,
The best advice can do no good.

Next envy from thy bosom chace;
The vice of narrow souls and base;
Who see no virtues but their own,
Or wish, at least there might be none:

Who

Who look with angry fretful eyes,
When others to preferment rise;
And seek by calumny to blot
That virtue which their fortune wrought.

Nor let ambition so far blind,
And take possession of thy mind,
As e'er to make thee think or act,
Other than virtue shall direct.
'Tis true, this may, like love, be just;
Yet both may deviate into lawless lust.

But of all wretches, he's the worst,
The most emphatically curst;
Who doom'd to doat on sordid pelf,
To feed his fancy starves himself:
Dies of want amidst his store,
Very rich, yet very poor.

There yet remains another task,
Which will your utmost caution ask;
'Tis that your passions all obey
Reason's just and lawful sway;
And ev'ry boundless appetite,
Guided by her, be set a-right.
Thus, when anger swells your breast;
Think 'tis the passion of a beast;
Nor let each little wrong inspire
Rage to set your soul on fire.
He shews, who can't with wrongs dispense,
Both want of temper, and of sense;

76 *The MUSE in LIVERY.*

As if the world was made to please,
And humour his perverse disease.

'Tis true: ———

To tamely suffer any thing,
Into contempt and scorn may bring;
A decent anger's sometimes good,
But never when too far pursu'd.
When wrath and dire revenge take place,
The eyes with fire and fury blaze;
Tremble the limbs, the cheek turns pale,
And words, choak'd up with passion, fail;
The blood boils hot in ev'ry vein,
And ev'ry nerve is rack'd with pain.
What's this but, in the strictest sense,
To wound yourself for his offence?

But as of anger you should clear,
So let the mind be free from fear.
From fear, which will the soul debase,
To smile at insult and disgrace.
Who lives a slave to this disease,
Shall say, and do, as others please:
Nay, where this slavish passion reigns,
The very thoughts shall move in Chains,

And thus the appetites restrain
With reason's curb, and guiding rein.
When tickling lust inflames the blood,
I grant 'tis hard to be withstood;
Yet could we bring to sudden view,
What consequences may ensue,
It might our folly or injustice shew.

Is she a virgin---lofs of fame,
Her endless infamy and shame;
With many, many other ills,
A creature we thus ruin feels,
Would surely touch us with regret,
And cool the rash destructive heat.
Is she another's lawful spouse?
You plant disgrace upon his brows:
The wrong you with such pleasure give,
Think with what pain you would receive;
Think what wou'd be your thoughts to know
He serv'd your wife or sister so:
And making thus his case your own,
Your guilt would be so lively shown,
With shame you'd from such baseness run.
But is she neither wife nor maid,
But one who makes her lust her trade;
'T should be a check, one wou'd suppose,
To think what might befall one's Nose.

Again:-----

When gen'rous liquor smiling swims
Up to the glasses widening brims;
Gayer notions, every draught,
Raise the mind, and cheer the thought;
We count it god-like then to drink,
And make a boast to never think.
But let us bring before our eyes,
What succeeds these sprightly joys.
Reason now begins to drown,
Noise and nonsense roar around;

All

All the powers of thought releas'd,
 Fly and leave the human beast;
 Passions tumultuous rage within,
 And strife and quarrels strait begin.
 But now the limbs grow loose and weak,
 The fault'ring tongue forgets to speak;
 The beast declines his lolling head,
 And sinks, and falls, and lies for dead.

On such a Scene as this to think,
 Wou'd give us caution when we drink:
 And thus, in any other case,
 Where headstrong appetites take place,
 Reason oppos'd, might keep them low,
 If not entirely overthrow.

But here men hope an absolution,
 Palming their faults on constitution;
 Yet crimes there are, which now I turn to,
 Such as none can plead they're born to;
 But (which is no excuse for vice)
 From custom, or from fashion rise.
 Of these we might large lists produce;
 But as our reverend doctors use,
 For order's sake, and shortness too,
 And lest our audience sleepy grow,
 We'll but at present mention two.

And first, —
 Those pretty ornaments of speech,
 With which our language we enrich;

Those

Those figures of new rhetorick,
Which grace our common talk so thick,
Call'd *oaths* and *curses*: whence come they?
I'm apt to think no man can lay
The fault on constitution here,
And say, 'tis nature makes him swear:
Reason, in this case, would exempt her,
She gives no man a swearing temper.
We learn this vice by imitation,
To shew our wit, and talk in fashion:
He that can't damn his soul and body,
With a brave air, is but a noddy:
And when a question's ask'd, or so,
Damn-me yes, or damn-me no,
Makes the language easier flow.

How shall we change this inclination?

To say it's a sin, is out of fashion:
An argument of lesser weight,
With these great wits, perhaps may get
More credit than such serious prate.
Thus—swearing sin? 'tis all a jest:
Who'd ever mind a canting priest?
Your florid oaths are doubtless fine,
And curses make a language shine:
All this we grant you, sirs: but then
I hope you know too, gentlemen;
As fustian's but the false pretence
To true sublimity of sense;
So oaths and curses plainly shew
An cbb of wit from whence they flow.

Secondly,

Secondly : —

(Our priests divide their subjects so,
They've secondly and thirdly too,
And I'm, methinks, a preacher now :
Yes, cry the wits, in ridicule,
And preach right reverently dull.)

But to proceed —

As swearing's thus an outward sign
Of want of wit and sense within ;
So lying, which such mischief breeds,
From want of honesty proceeds.
For he whose deeds will bear the test
Of strict integrity's inquest ;
To this mean shift does never scout,
At a dead lift to help him out :
But gladly sees the strictest eye
Upon his actions made a spy.
'Tis true, the liar may sometimes,
By framing falsehoods, hide his crimes ;
But one lye so begets another,
At last they contradict each other :
Some little circumstance forgot,
Detects the fool, and spoils his plot ;
Gives a clue, whose guiding thread
Does thro' his winding lab'rinth lead ;
His heart, the secret bower displays,
And all the villain open lays.

Thus if, my friend, you make your choice,
From reason, not from passion's voice,

Each vice will seem, tho' not unholy,
At least, a most egregious folly:
Search but the cause from whence proceeds,
In different men, such different deeds;
Virtue from reason flows you'll find,
And vice from a corrupted mind.

But I grow weary with reproof,
I've rail'd and scolded full enough:
'The vices which remain behind,
Methinks I feel myself inclin'd,
Rather t' expose by the beauteous light
Of virtues which are opposite.
No longer therefore to declaim
'Gainst what may thus be brought to shame,
To virtue's praise let's change the song,
And whilst we steal the soul along,
Convicted vice shall blushing fly,
Grow sick with shame, and of repentance die.

In order thus to charm the mind,
The loveliest virtue we can find,
Be first, and with most warmth enjoin'd.
Most moral writers have, I own,
Made justice the foundation stone,
To build fair virtue's system on;
And noble structures thence have rais'd,
Worthy to be admir'd and prais'd:
But, begging leave from these to swerve,
Another method we'll observe.
And first, my friend, be this thy care
To cultivate good-nature there;

G

This

This is the best preparative
 To make all other virtues thrive:
 Temper'd with this, the human mind
 Shall grow benevolent and kind;
 Unwillingness t'offend or grieve,
 An easy complaisance shall give;
 This shall the heart and soul dispose,
 To melt and grieve at other's woes:
 The best construction this shall give,
 To any injuries we receive,
 And thus dispose us to forgive.
 The mind shall feel, with this endu'd,
 A secret pleasure to do good;
 To aid a neighbour in distress,
 Whom care, or want, or woes depress;
 And sympathize the griefs we can't redress.

Good-nature thus at first enjoin'd,
 Diffus'd and temper'd with the mind,
 All other virtues shall appear
 More amiable, and less severe;
 Justice shall smiling now take place,
 Depriv'd of all her rigidity.
 Yet thy own actions to direct,
 Let her with utmost strictness act:
 When others faults are to be try'd,
 Then let good-nature be thy guide:
 Yet equally thy judgment steer,
 Tho' kind, yet just; tho' just, yet not severe.

Hypocrisy, the mean disguise
 Of conscious guilt, do thou despise:

Nor

Nor let thy free and honest mind,
To venal flattery be enclin'd.
The man who harbours in his breast
A vile, enormous, wicked nest
Of vices, which he meanly tries
To mask beneath the fair disguise
Of beauteous virtues, seems to me,
(Pardon the wicked simile)
Like some bad priest —
Who, when he is surplice dight,
Appears an Angel all in white;
But strip that cov'ring from his back,
Lord bless us! how he changes black?
Nor less contemptible is he,
Who stoops to servile flattery;
And, smiling, sits resolv'd to praise
Whate'er his patron does or says.
But thus, my friend, you may detect
Him whom of flattery you suspect:
Make blunders — he'll applaud your wit,
And call a bull a fine conceit:
To the same thing say yes, then no;
He'll still change sides, and say so too:
Affirm an apple is an onion;
He'll swear himself of your opinion;
Then make an apple on't again,
And it's an apple he'll maintain.
Thus, like the fox, you'll find with ease,
He but applauds your voice to get your cheese.

Has fortune bless'd thee with a friend,
(Rare gift!) on whom thou canst depend;

This is the best preparative
 To make all other virtues thrive:
 Temper'd with this, the human mind
 Shall grow benevolent and kind;
 Unwillingness t'offend or grieve,
 An easy complaisance shall give;
 This shall the heart and soul dispose,
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Then make an apple on't again,
And it's an apple he'll maintain.
Thus, like the fox, you'll find with ease,
He but applauds your voice to get your cheese.

Has fortune bless'd thee with a friend,
(Rare gift!) on whom thou canst depend;

Whose virtue, goodness, justice shine
Equal to what I would have thine :
Learn truly such a gift to prize,
Sweet partner of thy griefs and joys,
As thou of his; in mutual aid
To serve each other always glad.
Whene'er he happens to repose
In thy breast his secret woes,
Stay not till he thy aid request;
Kindness unask'd is always best:
Thy wealth, advice, or power employ,
To ease his mind, and give him joy.

A general kindness too pursue,
Good offices to all are due :
By virtue's always understood,
A disposition to do good.
Let charity encline thy breast
To aid and pity the distress'd :
Does any on thy power rely,
Make him not wait a long reply ;
Or grant his suit, or honestly deny.
Has any one incurr'd thy hate,
Let mercy and forgiveness wait ;
Pardon th' offender, and his crime forget.
Failings are incident to men,
And others may of thine complain ;
But hast thou griev'd in any sort,
Acknowledge, and beg pardon for't ;
And tho' involuntary done,
Seek an occasion to atone.

And

And now, tho' many virtues more
Occasionally may occur,
At present I've nor time nor will
By further precepts to infill:
This only learn, to be content,
And patiently expect th' event
Of virtuous deeds; and in the end
Virtue will doubtless find thee out a friend.

An EPISTLE to my Friend Mr. *Hallifax*

TO you, dear doctor, I appeal,
My faults and beauties to reveal;
Failings in me my friend may spy,
Which may escape my partial eye;
And beauties, if found out by you,
'Twould give me hopes they might be true.
But here, amongst the common rout
Of praise and blame, I'm left in doubt
Whether my works are good or bad;
Whether they praise me or degrade.
Some flattering people say they see
PRIOR's ease reviv'd in me:
Others, whose censure I think hard,
Degrade me down to doggrel WARD.
The difference wide betwixt these two!
Pray tell me truly what think you.
But quite forgetting you're my friend,
Let judgment your opinion send:
I know, my friend, you think well of me,
Yet praise me not because you love me:

Far rather I'd your censure hear,
 Than an encomium unsincere :
 I should be fond, I own, of fame,
 Yet give me honest praise, or blame.
 Soon level with the ground shall lie
 His pyramid of fame, tho' high,
 Whose basis stood on flattery :
 Then shall be seen, to his disgrace,
 What dirt and rubbish built the place.
 How should I wish I ne'er had wrote,
 Should this hereafter be my lot?
 Then sooth me not, but tell me true,
 What you think I ought to do.
 Shall I suppress this glimmering light?
 Or may I hope 'twill e'er burn bright?
 Methinks I would not have it said,
 As all my praise, when I am read,
 " *The Lines, considering whence they came,*
 " *Are well enough, nor merit blame.*
 Such cold encomiums won't suffice;
 A fame with such restrictions I despise.
 Yet when I inward turn my thoughts,
 View all my weakneses and faults;
 I own my rashness, blush with shame,
 Lay down my pen, nor hope for fame.
 But soon the rhyming fit returns,
 The fire within impatient burns;
 My pen resum'd, a line or two
 With ease and wit, perhaps may flow,
 And then I stop ———
 Dullness regains her ancient seat,
 Retards my flight, and damps my heat;

Involves

Involves my fire in flame and smoke,
And turns true wit to some false joke.

Say, gentle bard, harmonious PRIOR!
Did thy soft muse with thee expire?
O she expir'd, she dy'd with thee,
'Tis but her shadow dwells with me!
No *Prior's* ease moves in these lines,
Nor judgment guides, nor fancy shines,
Nor strength, nor wit, like his, refines.
Ah no! 'tis flatt'ry all, nor dare
These empty lines with his compare.
'Tis true, sometimes an easy flow
Of words may into metre grow,
And form a smoothish verse or two;
Or here and there a single line,
With a good thought perhaps may shine;
As here and there a glimmering star
Does in a cloudy hemisphere:
But these, alas! no more admit
The name of poetry or wit,
Than those odd stars, with scatter'd light,
Make what we call a starry night:
'Tis the whole firmament must glow,
And the whole piece the poet shew.

O shall I e'er arrive to this?
Shall I e'er see a finish'd piece?
No, I must never hope t' excel,
I feel my weakness too, too well.
My genius leads me on 'tis true,
But what can genius unassisted do?

No aids of learning grace my Song,
To me no languages belong,
Save just to spell my mother-tongue.
O poor pretence to poetry!
What can be thought to come from me?
Shall future ages see me shine,
My name, O PRIOR! join'd with thine?
Vainly I hope such fame, alas!
I but record my own disgrace.
These lines can only live to be
Examples of false poetry:
Can only last to future ages,
Quoted in criticks lashing pages.
And shall they thus, thus give my name
A monument of lasting fame?
O hateful thought! cease, cease my pen,
And never, never write again.



A SKETCH

A
S K E T C H
Of the MISERIES of
P O V E R T Y.

*Happy the Man, who, void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling.* PHILLIPS.

P O V E R T Y, abstractedly consider'd, is certainly to every man, even the meanest slave, a very great calamity: But to one who is desirous of learning and knowledge, who is capable of tasting happiness, and enjoying the rational pleasures of life; to such a one, I say, a penurious fortune is inexpressibly calamitous. The former, as he has no relish of any enjoyments above those which his poor condition and circumstances afford him, so he may with more ease be contented and satisfied with them: But the latter, having a larger knowledge, and a more refined taste of things, is perpetually uneasy; a thousand internal pleasures, worthy gratifications, and agreeable entertainments which he feels himself capable of, present themselves to his imagination, and alternately

ternately fill his soul with desire, shame, grief, anguish, and despair.

The miseries of a thinking man are intolerably aggravated by the quick sense he has of them; his sufferings are augmented by his own cruel reflections: every uncomfortable circumstance depresses his spirits; the contempt with which the world looks upon him in a mean and despicable habit, the rude illiterate company he is forced to associate with, and the many insults, inconveniences, and restraints which he undergoes in this despised, unpitied state, are themes which afford him a great many melancholy reflections.

And indeed, the contempt which poverty brings men into, the disadvantageous light it places them in, and the prejudice it gives the world against all their words and actions, are as real evils, and to a man of sense altogether as insupportable as hunger, cold, or any other of her inseparable attendants. How grating must it be to the soul of an ingenious man, to observe all he says unattended to, his expressions ridiculed, and all his arguments despised and thought inconclusive, only because his coat is not so clean, or his wig not so much powder'd as that of his antagonist?

That this is really his case, I appeal to any man who has been but the least conversant in the world. And it is from a consciousness of this his insignificance, that tho' he has the clearest truth, and the strongest reason in the world on his side, yet he cannot assert it with that boldness and assurance which is necessary; but suffers his words to break from him with as much diffidence, perplexity, and hesitation, as if he was uttering an untruth.

It is a complaint as old as SOLOMON, *That the wisdom of the poor is despised, and his words not heard.* His poverty is the gulf in which all his good parts are swallowed; it is a cloud which obscures the
lustre

lustre of all his virtues, nay, it in reality debases his principles, and makes him submit to actions which in another state he would scorn. It will not suffer his soul to exercise the generous freedom which equal nature has given it; but as it reduces him in the eye of the world to a level with the meanest and most ignorant part of mankind, so it subjects him to a set of such low, vulgar, and unworthy actions, as naturally pull down scorn and disdain upon him.

Thus the unhappy wretch is in such a *dilemma*, that let him act how or in what manner soever he will, he is still the contemptible object of scorn or derision. If he moves on in the low, narrow sphere which his poverty places him in, he is despised, and thought not worth taking notice of; and if he endeavours to exert himself above it, he is immediately laugh'd at, and thought a conceited fellow. Let him have ever so much learning, wit, good humour, or whatever else might render him agreeable, yet if he appears in the despicable garb of poverty, he is an illiterate, empty, affected coxcomb.

These are a few of the most common evils and disadvantages which the poor man lies under with respect to the world. But, alas! these are not all; there are a thousand unspeakable calamities, unknown to any but the wretch who feels them, which more nearly affect him. Hunger gnaws upon his stomach, and pinching cold benums his senses; continual care preys upon his spirits, and continual sorrow sinks his soul: He is like a man shut up in a vessel full of spikes; which way soever he turns, he finds something that pricks him. Deplorable condition! what pleasure can he have in life, whose every moment is render'd uneasy by some grating thought, or anxious care! In all his actions he feels himself cramp'd with wretched indigence;

indigence; which way soever he goes, he still finds some fresh cause of sorrow and vexation: At home, he is surrounded with misery and want; abroad, insulted with contempt and insolence. The day he spends in some poor comfortless habitation, no fire to warm his cold chilled limbs, nor food sufficient to appease his hunger; At night, a coarse, uneasy bed sustains him.

Thus under a complication of the bitterest misfortunes, the poor unhappy wretch drags on a miserable life: His only comfort and support is hope. Hope for a while alleviates his sorrows; but when that fails, he sinks and falls beneath them.

“ O poverty! thou source and fountain of eternal woe! supreme dispenser of calamity! at whose dire presence joy and pleasure vanishes, content grows dull, and grief and anxious cares overwhelm the soul. Happy, thrice happy is the man that feels not thy malignant influence! that speaks and acts without restraint from thee! his days are spent in ease and quiet, and his mind is in perfect tranquility; no fears of want perplex his soul, nor anxious dread of lacking sustenance: His time’s his own, and he enjoys it according to his own pleasure; he sees at a distance the poor unhappy wretch, who is compelled to a servile dependance upon others for his subsistence, and pities him; rejoicing at the same time to find his own happiness depending only on himself. O happy State! — desirable Condition!” —

In the midst of these reflections I grew into so profound a melancholy, that I quite forgot where I was: The subject which had employed my mind dwelt so strongly upon me, and wrought my fancy up to such a pitch, that I began to look upon the ideas which passed my imagination as the real objects

objects of my senses; and in this extasy of thought, insensibly fell into the following *Reverie*.

Methought, I found myself all alone upon the deck of a ship, in which I was making a voyage to the *Indies* upon business of the greatest importance: But being a young unskilful mariner, and altogether unexperienced in the arts of navigation, my poor misguided vessel was driven from its course by every adverse blast; my tackling was in a little time all broke and tore in pieces by storms and tempests; I was lost and bewildered in the midst of the ocean, and knew not which way to steer my course; and at last, to compleat my misery, my little vessel was split upon a rock, and I was cast naked, forlorn, and destitute of any thing to support me, upon a savage, rude, inhospitable island.

In this deplorable condition, I lay a considerable time upon the shore, lamenting my misfortunes: The hopes of happiness, which I had flatter'd myself with enjoying at the end of the voyage, were dashed in a moment, and I found myself reduced to the utmost extremity of misery and wretchedness. At length, arising from the earth, I walked up into the island, and casting my eyes around, received a dismal prospect of the place. Every object about me discovered the wretchedness of the climate; a gloomy darkness filled the ambient air, and cold, bleak winds destroyed the withering Herbage: Winter here fixed his seat, nor would the hovering clouds permit one genial Ray to dissipate the cold: The trees, divested of their leaves by chilling frosts, looked starved and dead; and silent birds sat pensive on the naked branches: Nature herself seemed dull, and mirth and cheerful joy was here a stranger: Musick was quite unknown, and sighs and sad complaints supplied its place.

I had not been long in this melancholy region, before I felt the dire contagion seize me: I grew dull and uneasy, my spirits sunk, and care and sorrow took possession in my soul: I was no longer the same man; the air of my countenance was immediately alter'd; an unusual fear attended my words, and rendered my speech imperfect and stammering. I was ashamed to look at any body, or to be seen by them; every one, methought, would despise me, and I should be treated with contempt wherever I went. I was out of countenance with myself, and appeared, in my own opinion, the most despicable creature in the Universe.

But in this last particular I presently found myself mistaken, for wheresoever I turned my eyes, I was struck with objects of misery and wretchedness. Every single inhabitant of this unhappy island was in some degree or other miserable; an air of discontent appeared in every face. Here was one lamenting his misfortunes and disasters, another regretting his follies and extravagancies; some blaming the treachery of friends, and others the malice of enemies; a great many repining at the dispensations of Providence, but few accusing themselves.

Amongst the rest, I observed an elderly man, of a good aspect, walking in a melancholy posture, with his arms a-cross, and his eyes fixed on the ground. He sighed several times; and, as I approached nearer to him, I heard him utter these words. "How inconstant is fortune! how uncertain and precarious are the possessions of this world? who lately was more rich than I? and who is now so poor? who was more happy? who is now so wretched? yet some comfort it is to me, that my misfortunes, and not my faults, are the cause of my calamities: For could Industry have increased my possessions, who was
" more

“ more diligent? could frugality have preserved
“ them, in what was I profuse? could carefulness
“ have secured them, wherein was I remiss? in
“ short, if justice, honesty, and fair-dealing could
“ have entitl’d me to the Possession of them, I had
“ never forfeited my claim. But misfortunes are
“ unavoidable, and happen equally to the just and
“ unjust”. He ended his speech with a sigh that
moved my compassion; but not being in a condition
to help him, I turn’d away sorrowful.

I had not gone far before I encounter’d an object
more wretched, yet less deserving of pity than he.
’Twas a young man, whose air and gestures bespoke
him a rake; but the meanness of his garb discover-
ed him at present in a penurious condition. The
coat he had on was laced, but so bare and dirty,
that one could scarce discover whether it was gold
or silver; his wig was neither combed nor powder-
ed; his hat looked greasy, his shoes brown, and
his linnen dirty. He came up to me, and with an
impudent familiarity, desired me to lend him a
twelver. I told him, I had not a shilling in the
world: he swore he was glad on’t, and wished the
devil might fetch away all them that had, and
then he should be as rich as any-body. After this
he gave me an account, full of curses and impre-
cations, how he had spent all his money in women
and wine; how often he had been drunk in a day,
and how many whores he had had in a night; and
concluded with an oath, that the devil should either
find him more money, or he would make hell too
hot for him. I perceived the man was a fool, and
had given himself up to this licentious way, meerly
because he thought it was wit, and that therefore
it would be in vain to offer him any advice, so I
left him without speaking a word.

Walking from him, I overtook a couple of young
men very earnest in discourse; I seem’d to take no
notice

notice of them, but as I walked along, I heard one of them, with a sigh, say to the other, "No, no, 'tis in vain to hope any longer, and I am now reduced to that extremity, that I must either beg or starve. How long have I depended upon his promises? And how often has it been in his power since he promised to have helped me? How many places have been at his disposal, which he has given away to others, upon no other account, but because they had less modesty, and were more importunate than I? O, my friend! may it never be your fortune to depend upon the promises of another for your subsistence; for by sad experience I find, that he who *lives* on hope, is in great danger to *die* of disappointment."

They came on so exceeding slowly, that unless I had stood still, I could not have heard any more of their discourse. I went forwards therefore, and was just beginning to reflect upon the conduct of great men in this particular, and the unreasonable expectations of those who rely upon them, when I was interrupted by a great sigh, which drew my attention that way from whence it came, and was presently succeeded by these words: "O ye eternal powers! supreme disposers of our good and ill! if virtue is (as sure it is) your care, why do we see the virtuous man oppressed? why is injustice, violence, and fraud successful, whilst virtue and honesty beggar their professors? Fool that I was, to think to thrive by methods so contrary to the way of the world".

He paused at these words, and before he could proceed, a melancholy voice, bemoaning his hard fortune in these words of *Otway's Jaffier*, diverted my attention another way.

That

O tell me why, good Heaven; (he sighing said,)
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burthens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?

"O Jaffier! O Otway! how aptly is this complaint suited to my condition?" He turned his head aside as he uttered these words, and perceiving I had overheard him, was very much out of countenance with himself, and, blushing with shame, rose from the place where he sat, and walked away as fast as he could.

It is impossible to express the emotions which I felt at this time; the modesty of his behaviour, the passionate manner in which he expressed himself, and the near analogy which methought his circumstances bore to my own, raised in me a sympathetick concern, and a sudden affection which I could not resist. I followed him a good way to have asked pardon for my rudeness, and begg'd the favour of his acquaintance; but he was gone, and out of my sight.

To relate all the different complaints which I heard, the numerous objects of pity, and the various scenes of distress which I saw, would be tedious. But this remark I remember I made, that the greatest part, or at least the most grievous of the complaints, generally came from *Strangers*, and such as had not been long used to the place. The *Natives*, tho' to all outward appearance as miserable, for the most part seemed easy, unconcerned, and, as it were, insensible of their Condition.

H

By

By this time I was arrived at the center of the Island, and entered what they called the capital city; but the only difference I found betwixt this and the remoter parts, was, that, contrary to all other cities, it consisted chiefly of natives, and such as might properly be stiled the settled Inhabitants of the country; the laws and customs of the place seeming to strangers so exceeding harsh and severe, that few or none cared to incorporate with them; chusing rather, without any settled habitation, to wander near the shore, and watch the first opportunity of flying from the place.

It is natural in a strange country to make Observations either upon the strength, situation, buildings, trade, and riches of the place; or else upon the customs, manners, and language of the people: But here the one was so inconsiderable, and the other so rude, uncultivated, and barbarous, that there was nothing worthy either to observe or imitate.

But one day, as I was sauntering about, I discovered in the midst of the city, a large hollow, encompassed round with craggy rocks, and shaded over with thick and baleful yews. The way which led down into it was steep and dismal; black hanging rocks intercepted the light, and seemed to threaten destruction to any that should venture in. But not suffering myself to be dismayed at the Appearance of danger, I went down, and at the further end of the valley found a spacious cave, from the mouth of which issued a cold dampness, which even chilled my blood, and so loathsome a smell that I was almost stifled.

Being entered in, the first object that struck my senses, was, an ugly, shapeless monster lying along upon the ground; his large unweildy carcass was covered over with filth and nastiness, his hair was matted together, his arms were folded, and he seemed

seemed fast asleep. His name, in capital letters, was engraved upon his forehead, which upon reading, I found to be *SLOTH*. This breathing chaos of dull and unactive matter lay extended upon his back, and from his belly issued a barren, hard, impenetrable rock, upon which, as on a throne, sat the genius or queen of the island; her name was *POVERTY*. I had no sooner cast my eyes upon her countenance, but a sudden trembling seized me; I started back, and had much ado to support myself: but recovering a little, and collecting my scattered spirits together, I surveyed her more attentively. Her countenance was pale, meagre, and ghastly; her eyes looked dim, and sunk in her head, her forehead was wrinkled, her nose sharp, and her cheeks hollow: her garments were coarse and ragged; a perpetual coldness shook her trembling limbs, and this in particular I observed, that her arms were so exceeding short, and her hands so strangely cramped, that she could scarce make use of them upon any occasion.

On either side lay a dreadful fiend, which, as I understood, were her constant attendants. That on the right-hand side was terrible and fierce; his voice was loud and piercing, his eyes looked eager and sharp, his visage was thin and frightful, and his carcass so lean, that the bones, in several places, were ready to start thro' the skin. His nature was so exceeding ravenous, that he would prey upon any thing; his jaws were wide, and constantly extended; his teeth strong and sharp, and at that time eagerly employed in scraping the meat from an almost bare bone. I grew uneasy, methought, at the sight of him; a kind of fear seized me, and I was apprehensive that he was about to lay hold on me with his claws: I enquir'd what creature it was, and was told his name was *HUNGER*. Good heaven! said I, preserve me from

his dreadful jaws! and turning hastily from him, I went towards that which lay on the left-hand.

This malignant fiend, tho' at first sight she seem'd not quite so fierce and cruel as the other, had yet something in her look so fullen and morose, that it seem'd dangerous to approach her. Her colour was black and dismal; her countenance gloomy, her nature fretful and impatient, her horrid and perpetual growlings terrified all that heard 'em, and, as I was informed, were at some times so loud, that they had quite taken from her the use of hearing. Her head was at this time hung down upon her breast, and approaching nearer, I perceived she was preying upon her own heart. This dreadful spectacle struck me with horror; I turned my eyes from so shocking a sight, and enquiring her name, was told it was *DISCONTENT*. I shook my head, and addressing myself a second time to heaven, Ye almighty Powers! said I, but whatever I suffer from the other, defend me from the reach of this, I most earnestly beseech you.

I was just preparing to leave the place, and turning about, I perceived a venerable old man standing before me; wisdom and discretion appeared in his countenance; experience sat upon his wrinkled brow; his hair was white with age, and his beard hung down to his girdle; yet his strength seem'd not at all decay'd; his eyes look'd bright and piercing, and his voice was distinct and clear. He took me by the hand, and with a commanding, yet persuasive air, Young man, said he, follow me, and I will shew thee the way out of this unhappy place. I followed him without hesitation; we ascended the hollow, and quitting the city, directed our steps towards the shore.

The male-contents, who wandered here-about, as I observed before, continued their complaints as loud as ever; nothing but murmurings and repinings were

were to be heard in this part of the island. As we walked along amongst them, I observed a beautiful phantom hovering in the air; a sudden joy sprung in my heart at the sight of her; her countenance was pleasant and smiling, her voice sweet, and her whole appearance delightful. As I looked upon her, I perceived she had the power of appearing and disappearing at pleasure, being every now and then invisible. Her motions were quick, and she flew from place to place with exceeding swiftness: she would frequently alight upon the ground, and place herself by one or other of the unhappy mourners. immediately at her presence their tears were dried up, their complaints ceased, and they appeared calm and easy: But no sooner had she made them so, than mounting in the air, she would dart out of sight, and leave them plunged in their sorrows as deep as ever. I asked my conductor what she was called, and he told me her name was **HOPE**. You will frequently see her, said he, before you get out of this place; but unless you can secure her, trust not her smiles; she is flattering, deceitful, and inconstant. Now the only way to secure her, is, by a lock which grows out of the back part of her head; for she is composed of such thin, airy particles, that by any other part, tho' you seem to have ever so fast hold of her, she will elude your grasp. This lock is called **ASSURANCE**; which, if you can once get fast hold of, she immediately changes her nature, and becomes a solid substance.

By this time we were come to the foot of a large and spacious bridge, which led over from the continent; but so contrived, that from us it was impassable. There were several fine buildings, and houses of pleasure and entertainment upon the bridge. Abundance of young men and beautiful women, gayly dressed, were playing promiscuously in the street; Some were drinking, others singing
and

and dancing to the finest musick; some were swearing, some laughing, and all appeared in the height of mirth and jollitry. This, said my conductor, is the *Passage of EXTRAVAGANTS*. And going a little further, we came to another; but the houses on this were low and mean: Here was no noise or stirring; the grass grew in the street, the doors and windows were all shut, and tho' it was late in the morning, there was no-body out of bed. This, said my old man, is called the *Bridge of LAZINESS*, and is as sure and ready a passage into the island as the other. There is only one more way into it, which is called the *Gate of the UNFORTUNATE*, and one of these three ways all that come into this unhappy place do enter.

But as these are passable only inwards, I will now, according to my promise, shew you that which will as surely lead you out: So taking me by the hand, we went along the shore till we came to the foot of a bridge, more large and populous than any of the others. The houses at the beginning were small and mean, but towards the other end they grew larger, stronger, and more convenient. The people were all earnestly employed; business of all sorts went forwards; the hammers, and other working utensils of mechanicks, made a continual noise. "This, said my conductor, is the *Bridge of INDUSTRY*; which, tho' it may perhaps be long, tedious, and unpleasant, is the only sure way to bring thee out of this uncomfortable place." I embraced the good old man, and smothering some sighs which would have rose in my breast, put on a cheerful countenance, and proceeded to pass the bridge; but how I shall get over, or when I shall come on the other side, the Lord knows!

F I N I S.